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LYRICS AND BALLADS



# LYRICS & BALLADS

BY

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AUTHOR OF 'A VILLAGE TRAGEDY'



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TO

My Father and Mother



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## REST

To spend the long warm days  
Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,  
To see, not gaze,  
To hear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams :

See clouds that slowly pass  
Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint down,  
And ripening grass,  
While yet the meadows wear their starry crown :

To hear the breezes sigh  
Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,  
Pause and go by,  
Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain :

See far from all affright  
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,  
And night by night  
Low in the West the white moon's folding flower.

Thus lost to human things,  
To blend at last with Nature and to hear  
What song she sings  
Low to herself when there is no one near.



## TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

To the forgotten dead,

Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.

To every fervent yet resolvèd heart

That brought its tameless passion and its tears,

Renunciation and laborious years,

To lay the deep foundations of our race,

To rear its stately fabric overhead

And light its pinnacles with golden grace.

To the unhonoured dead.

To the forgotten dead,

Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the rein

Of Fate and hurl into the void again

Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind  
Earthward along the courses of the wind.  
Among the stars, along the wind in vain  
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,  
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.

To the thrice-perished dead.

## L'ENVOI

LIKE the wreath the poet sent

To the lady of old time,

Roses that were discontent

With their brief unhonoured prime,

Crown he hoped she might endow

With the beauty of her brow ;

Even so for you I blent,

Send to you my wreath of rhyme.

These alas ! be blooms less bright,

Faded buds that never blew,

Darkling thoughts that seek the light—

Let them find it finding you.

Bid these petals pale unfold  
On your heart their hearts of gold,  
Sweetness for your sole delight,  
Love for odour, tears for dew.

## GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

COME, no more of grief and dying !

Sing the time too swiftly flying.

Just an hour

Youth's in flower,

Give me roses to remember

In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces !

Winds shall bear us on our races,

Speed, O speed,

Wind, my steed,

Beat the lightning for your master,

Yet my Fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,  
Youth that's fled can none recapture ;  
    Not with thought  
    Wisdom's bought.  
Out on pride and scorn and sadness !  
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,  
Seas about thee, skies above thee,  
    Sun and storms,  
    Hues and forms  
Of the clouds with floating shadows  
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,  
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;  
    Not for gold  
    Art thou sold,

But thy lovers at their pleasure  
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,  
While the April blood is springing  
    In my breast,  
    While a jest  
And my youth thou yet must leave me,  
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover  
Me, the world's unwearied lover,  
    If regret  
    Haunt me yet,  
It shall be for joys untasted,  
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,  
Goods that kings and clowns together

Waste or use  
As they choose,  
These, the best, we miss pursuing  
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it—  
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it,  
Own our mirth  
Has been worth  
All the forfeit light or heavy  
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,  
What though ne'er so well you ape it—  
Age and care  
All must share,  
All alike must pay hereafter,  
Some for sighs and some for laughter.



Know, ye sons of Melancholy,

To be young and wise is folly.

'Tis the weak

Fear to wreak

On this clay of life their fancies,

Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,

Roses dead and garlands broken,

O ye wise,

We arise,

Out of failures, dreams, disasters,

We arise to be your masters.

## THE SOWERS

WOE to the seed

The winds carry  
O'er fallow and mead !

They do not tarry,

They seek the sea,

The barren strand,  
Where foam-flakes flee  
O'er the salt land.

Where the sharp spray

And sand are blown,  
In the wind's play  
The seed is sown.

Falling on shore

It cries, "The earth

Opens her door !

There shall be birth

"From thee far place,

From thee fair hour,

Splendour and grace

Of leaf and flower."

Falling on sea

It cries, "Again

Com'st thou to me,

Refreshing rain—

"Only more great,

More strong thou art

Like to my fâte,

Like to my heart."

On barren shore,  
Or sullen wave,  
When storms are o'er  
It finds a grave.

## THE SONG OF THE LUTE PLAYER

STILL as a star came to my breast  
A joy unbidden,  
Not to be known, not to be guessed,  
So fair, so hidden ;  
And now within 'tis like the starry night,  
The unimagined pure ethereal height,  
Trembling in loneliness at its own light.

Heaven of my joy, fair though thou art,  
A light for ever,  
Yet there's a grief hid in my heart  
Like the great river.  
At times a little while it seems to sleep,

And then a voice cries to it from the deep,  
And all its floods over my spirit sweep.

Hast thou a joy? Though but a flower  
O maiden, bring it.

Though but a dream of morning hour,  
Yet will I sing it.

And as a bird that calls its mate my strain  
—Listen, the lute begins like falling rain—  
Shall call the Spring and Spring return again.

Hast thou a fear hid in thy heart,  
A sorrow sleeping?  
Light though it be, soon to depart,  
I'll sing it weeping.

The ruined shrines shall answer as I sing,  
In hollow tombs of many an ancient king  
Forgotten woes shall waken murmuring.

---

Then in my song, maiden, I'll weave  
The world's emotion,  
Passion of souls that laugh and grieve,  
And Earth and Ocean.

The silver spheres shall hush awhile their quire,  
Saying, "Return, lost star of our desire,  
Lend us again thy music and thy fire."

Only my joy, only my pain  
May not be spoken.  
These would I tell, earthward again  
The song drops broken.

Sleeping I dream my joy, my sorrow sing.  
I wake—the lonely night is listening  
To one long sigh, breathed from a shattered string.

“AGAIN I SAW ANOTHER ANGEL”

I DREAMED a dream within a dream.  
An angel cinctured with the gleam  
Of topaz and of chrysoprase,  
And circled with the lambent rays  
That lightened from his sheathless sword,  
Leapt into heaven's deserted ways,  
And cried, “The message of the Lord.”

Then suddenly the earth was white  
With faces turned towards his light.  
The nations' pale expectancy  
Sobbed far beneath him like the sea,  
But men exulted in their dread,



---

And drunken with an awful glee  
Beat at the portals of the dead.

I saw this monstrous grave the earth  
Shake with a spasm as though of birth,  
And shudder with a sullen sound,  
As though the dead stirred in the ground.  
And that great angel girt with flame  
Cried till the heavens were rent around,  
"Come forth ye dead!"—Yet no man came.

Then there was silence overhead :  
But far below the ancient dead  
Muttered as if in mockery ;  
And there was darkness in the sky,  
And rolling through the realm of death,  
Laughter and some obscure reply,  
With tongues that none interpreteth.

Ay, laugh ye undeluded dead !  
The wrathful vintagers that tread  
The wine-press of the world ye know.  
How often shall your graves below  
Rock to the thunder of their feet ?  
The angels of the whirlwind sow  
Fierce seed the children take for wheat ?

O seed of blood ! O seed of tears,  
Thick sown through all our human years,  
What harvest do the days return ?  
New thorns to break, new tares to burn,  
New angels sent on earth to reap.  
This is the recompense we earn—  
Lie still, ye dead, lie still and sleep.

## A BALLADE OF THE NIGHT

FAR from the earth the deep-descended day  
Lies dim in hidden sanctuaries of sleep.  
The winged winds couched on the threshold keep  
Uneasy watch, and still expectant stay  
The voice that bids their rushing host delay  
No more to rise, and with tempestuous power  
Rend the wide veil of heaven. Long watching they  
Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour.

Hark ! where the forests slow in slumber sway  
Below the blue wild ridges, steep on steep,  
Thronging the sky—how shuddering as they leap  
The impetuous waters go their fated way,  
And mourn in mountain chasms, and as they stray

By many a magic town and marble tower,  
As those that still unreconciled obey,  
Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour.

Listen—the quiet darkness doth array  
The toiling earth, and there is time to weep—  
A deeper sound is mingled with the sweep  
Of streams and winds that whisper far away.  
Oh listen ! where the populous cities lay  
Low in the lap of sleep their ancient dower,  
The changeless spirit of our changeful clay  
Sighs in the silence of the midnight hour.

Sigh, watcher for a dawn remote and gray,  
Mourn, journeyer to an undesirèd deep,  
Eternal sower, thou that shalt not reap,  
Immortal, whom the plagues of God devour.  
Mourn—'tis the hour when thou wert wont to pray.  
Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour.

## PASSING

WITH thoughts too lovely to be true,  
With thousand, thousand dreams I strew  
The path that you must come. And you  
Will find but dew.

I set an image in the grass,  
A shape to smile on you. Alas !  
It is a shadow in a glass,  
And so will pass.

I break my heart here, love, to dower  
With all its inmost sweet your bower.  
What scent will greet you in an hour ?  
The gorse in flower.



THE SONGS OF MYRTIS





I

LEND me the lyre again,  
    The long forsaken !  
One tone it must retain,  
One song of all the store  
I gave to it of yore  
    Sleeps there to waken.

Wreathe me the lyre again !  
    Moonflowers and sorrel  
Gather by stream and plain,  
Weaving a thousand flowers  
Under the wild-rose bowers,  
    But not the laurel.

Give me the lyre again !

As Heaven that sent it

Sucks from the earth her rain,

So from the trembling lyre

My soul shall drink the fire

That once she lent it.

II

LEND me thy wings, O dove,

But for a day,

And I will fly away,

Fly to my love.

Fearst thou I shall delay?

Ah no, thou needst not fear,

Because though I should stay

But for a moment's space,

To look upon his face,

I shall return with love enough to last a year.

## III

WHEN the world's asleep,  
I awake and weep,  
    Deeply sighing say,  
    "Come, O break of day,  
Lead my feet in my beloved's way."

When the morning breaks,  
When the world awakes,  
    Then a dream too dear  
    Haunts me like a fear,  
And as one in sleep I linger here.

If some star of heaven

Led him by at even,

    If some magic fate

    Brought him, should I wait,

Or fly within and bid them close the gate?

## IV

THE weary moon goes down into the West  
As one that fain would rest,  
And nothing now is waking in the skies  
Except the luminous eyes  
Of stars that watch thee where thou wanderest.  
Wilt thou not also rest ?

Now all the earth lies hushed in shadowy sleep,  
City and plain and steep ;  
Only the river journeying from afar  
Towards the Northern star  
Rolls through the slumbering world its waters deep,  
That whisper to thee "Sleep."

And now is peace in that belovèd breast,

Peace, the long absent guest ;

For fear is dead, and sorrow sleeps forgot,

Love only slumbers not,

Love wakes for thee that doubting tarriest.

Wilt thou not also rest ?





TASSO TO LEONORA



## I

REPROACH me not because the many chide,  
Calling me prouder than an Emperor's son,  
For so the shepherds called Endymion,  
When he had won the mateless moon to bride.  
Proud?—Oh, a monarch must forget his pride,  
On whom the light of such a love hath shone,  
Showing him worth but dim oblivion,  
A mortal set at an Immortal's side.

Rather one face, one hour, one master-thought  
Stamped on the body and soul of him he bore,  
And the world's business like a distant roar  
To that tense mind his slackened senses brought.  
And men he scorned not, save as the unborn  
Or the forgetful dead sleeping appear to scorn.

## II

No, there is none in all the earth save thee,  
And never was, not through the length of time.  
One is the sea whose everlasting chime  
Cradles the world, however variously  
Named on its Sundered shores, and thou, my sea,  
Streamest through every spiritual clime ;  
The kings of thought, the laurelled lords of rhyme,  
Are names of thine or silent shades to me.

Thou to this heart canst never more be mute,  
Though of that dumb fraternity of Death,  
While there is sweetness in the viol and lute  
And power in speech of man, and while with breath  
Drawn from the world's worn air I fan the flame  
That shatters and consumes and re-creates this frame.

## III

I SHALL forget thee—yes, I shall forget  
Thee and the Heavens that glorify the night,  
Those silver summits trembling in the light  
Of the descended moon, suns that have set,  
Earth and the shoreless waters, all that yet  
Has winged my soul for her tempestuous flight—  
And dreams they send to seek me shall but light  
On some gray stone wreathed with the violet.

Mingling thy dust with men that knew thee not,  
Of me forgetful then thou'lt not complain,  
And all we were shall be so much forgot  
They who the history of our days rehearse  
Shall call my grief a phantom of the brain,  
Thy name a flower wrought on a poet's verse.

## IV

THOU art a sword that's sheathèd in my heart,  
To be by no adventure drawn again,  
A divine vintage flooding every vein  
With an immortal joy, even such thou art.  
The Mænad Hours amid their dancing start  
With haggard eyes from that empurpling stain.—  
“See! Is it wine or blood?” they shriek in vain,  
And heavily with garments dyed depart.

The Muse's self, the fierce relentless Muse  
Art thou, that doth in love of man delight,  
Kindling upon the lips her kisses choose  
A flame that shall eternally be bright,  
Fanned by Mnemosynè with fervent breath,  
And watched by those grim guardians, Time and Death.

## NOCTURNE

THE desolate heath  
Over the sea  
Is the place for me  
When night is near,  
When a wind upheaps  
Seaward and sweeps  
The horizon clear.  
Widening beneath  
Darkens the heath.

Sullen and far  
Hark how they roar,  
Waves of the shore,

Trees of the wood.  
Heaven in her cloud,  
Earth in her shroud,  
Sullenly brood.  
Smiles a white star  
Silent and far.

Under the height  
Yonder a glare  
Reddens the air,  
Where in the bay  
Rigging and spars  
Glow with their stars,  
City and quay  
Glitter to-night  
Under the height.

O but for me  
Purple of pine



In a sandy chine,  
When the night-wind's breath  
Will bare us soon  
The wan young moon.  
A desolate heath  
Over the sea  
Is the place for me.

## THE EARTH ANGEL

BELOVED spirit, whom the angels miss,  
While those heaven-wand'ring wings thou foldest here,  
Love musing on thee, Love whose shadow is fear,  
Divines thee born of fairer worlds than this,  
And fain ere long to re-assume their bliss.  
Stay, wingèd soul ! for earth, this human sphere,  
Claims thee her own, her light that storms swept clear,  
Her righteousness that love, not peace, shall kiss.  
'Twas out of time thou camest to be ours,  
And dead men made thee in the darkling years,  
Thy tenderness they bought for thee with tears,  
Pity with pain that nothing could requite,  
And all thy sweetness springs like later flowers  
Thick on the field of some forgotten fight.

## GENIUS LOCI

PEACE, Shepherd, peace ! What boots it singing on ?  
Since long ago grace-giving Phœbus died,  
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side  
Of the poetic mount with him are gone  
Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,  
In unexplored realms of night to hide.  
The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide  
Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,  
Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,  
Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant  
And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.  
The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,  
And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

## GHOSTS

WHERE the columned cliffs far out have planted  
    Their daring shafts in the Northern foam,  
There hangs a castle that should be haunted,  
    A ruin meet for a spectre's home.

For heavily in the caverns under  
    The hidden tide like a muffled drum  
Beats distinct through the level thunder  
    Of the wintry waste whence storm-winds come.

And fire has blackened the mouldering rafter,  
    And stairs have crumbled from bolted doors ;  
At night there's a sound of wail and laughter,  
    And footsteps crossing the creaking floors.

---

And in and out through the courts forsaken  
Wild shapes are drifted from hall to hall,  
With a trumpet sound the towers are shaken,  
And banners flutter along the wall.

'Tis but the storms and the seas enchant it,  
Its ghosts are shadow and wind and spray.  
If ever a phantom used to haunt it,  
That too was mortal and passed away.

The ghosts have found where the hills embosom  
A windless garden—they walk at noon,  
When the beds and branches burn with blossom,  
And hardly wait for the rising moon.

When the starry charm of the night is broken,  
And the day but lives as a child unborn,  
They pass with echoes of words once spoken  
And silent footsteps and eyes forlorn.

They seem as shadows of morn and even,  
For ever fading to come again ;  
They are as shadows of tempest driven,  
Stormily sighing across the plain.

For these depart as the rest departed,  
The garden under the hill shall be  
As ghost-forsaken, as past-deserted  
As the castle over the Northern sea.

## TO THE EARTH

MISTRESS and slave of the sun,

Dancer with shining feet,

Gladly thou springest to greet

The year that is new begun.

Huntress who fliest with fleet

Hounds of the glittering air,

Again thou risest to chase the phantom year to its lair.

Long ere the threescore and ten

Pass us, the sum of our years,

Empty their pageant appears,

Old to the children of men.

April with laughter and tears  
Tells a monotonous tale,  
Winds of the Autumn in vain wildly and solemnly  
wail.

Thou whom the ages bereave  
Autumn on Autumn, behold,  
Thou art not weary or cold ;  
Eagerly dost thou receive  
Sunshine and rain as of old,  
Comest again as a bride  
Crowned with immortal delight, dead to the years that  
have died.

Hear, O ye planets, her voice !  
The vast and jubilant strain  
Mountain and ocean and plain  
Utter when she doth rejoice.  
Surely the sound shall attain



---

Through sunless spaces afar,  
Till it touch the silver heart of some high enthronèd star.

No—for thyself is the tale,  
But for thine own hast thou sung.  
Often the meadows among,  
Laid by the stream in the frail  
Shadow of April, there rung  
Round me the voice of delight,  
Murmur immense of the Earth joying alone in her  
might.

Once like a lover I heard,  
Once like a lover I pressed  
Kiss after kiss on thy breast,  
Once all the rapture that stirred,  
Streamed from the South and the West,  
Flamed from the field and the sky,  
Seemed for my heart to exult, seemed to my soul to reply.

Ah, could one bosom, one brain  
Half of thine ecstasy hold ?  
Lifetime of mortal unfold  
One of thy mysteries ? Vain,  
Vain was the dream. As of old  
Messengers worn with the way  
Fell at the Delphian's gate, fall I before thee to-day.

Hark how the Pythoness cries !  
Priest to interpret is none,  
Never a word to be won  
Out of the rushing replies  
Echoes pursue ere they're done.  
Only I know 'twas a song  
Passed me, escaped ere it taught me too the joy of the  
strong.

Well mayst thou, Mother, be glad,  
Great in a quenchless belief,

Well may we grow in our brief  
Journey indifferent or sad.  
Witnessing often the leaf  
Broaden and wither, we see  
Never the full up-shoot and branching growth of the tree.

Thou hearest the giant heart  
Of a forest beating low  
In the seed that faint winds sow  
On an island far apart ;  
And thou canst measure the slow  
Lapse of the glittering sea,  
Where it falls and clings round the land like a robe at a  
bather's knee.

Yea, thou hast witnessed the whole  
Agelong up-building of things ;  
Through the ephemeral Springs  
One indestructible soul,

Sleepless, unwearied, that brings  
Order from chaos at length,  
Out of the fading and weak infinite splendour and  
strength.

## THE DEATH OF HJÖRWARD

THE Norns decreed in their high home,  
“Hjörward the king must die to-day,”—  
A mighty man, but old and gray  
With housing long on the gray foam,  
And driving on their perilous way  
His hungry dragon-herd to seek  
Their fiery pasture, and to wreak  
On southern shrines with flame and sword  
The wrath of Asgard’s dreadful lord.

Seven days king Hjörward then had kept  
His place in silence on his throne,

Seven nights had left him there alone,  
Watching while all the palace slept,  
Wan in the dawn and still as stone.  
But when they said, "The King must die,"  
A shout such as in days gone by  
Shook the good ship when swords were swung,  
Broke from his heart and forth he sprung.

"Sword, sword and shield!" he cried, "and thou  
Haste, let the wingèd ship fly free.  
Yonder there shivers the pale sea,  
Impatient for the plunging prow,  
I hear the shrill wind call to me—  
Hark, how it hastens from the East,  
'Why tarriest thou?' it cries, 'the feast  
To-night in Odin's hall is spread,  
They wait thee there, the armèd dead."

“They wait me there ! Ho, sword and shield !

What hero-faces throng the gate !

Not long nor vainly shall ye wait.

I too have not been weak to wield

The heavy brand, I too am great,

Hjörward am I. No funeral car

Slow rolling, but a ship of war

Swift on the wind and racing wave,

Bears me to feast among the brave.

“Slaves, women, shall not sail with me,

Nor brodered stuffs, nor hoarded gold,

But men, my liegemen from of old,

Strong men to ride the unbroken sea,

And arms such as befit the bold.

Come forth, my steed, thou fierce and fleet,

Once more thy flying hoofs shall beat

The level way along the strand,  
The hard bright sea-forsaken sand."

So the horse Halfi came, and rose  
The hounds that wont to hunt with him,  
Shaggy of hide and lithe of limb.  
And we too followed where repose  
The dragon-ships in order grim,  
Hastening together to let slip  
Svior, the dark shield-girdled ship,  
That like a live thing from the steep  
Fled eagerly into the deep.

Fly fast to-day, proud ship, fly fast,  
Scatter the surge and drink the spray ;  
Hjörward is at thy helm to-day  
For the last time, and for the last



---

Last time thou treadst the windy way.  
The oarsmen to the chiming oar  
Chant their hoarse song, and on the shore  
The folk are silent watching thee  
Speeding across the wide cold sea.

The wind that rose with day's decline  
Rent the dim curtain of the west ;  
Clear o'er the water's furthest crest  
We saw a sudden splendour shine,  
A flying flame that smote the breast  
And high head of the mailed King,  
His hoary beard and glittering  
Great brand in famous fights renowned,  
And those grim chiefs that girt him round.

"The gate," he muttered, "lo ! the gate,"  
Staring upon the sky's far gold.

Yea, the wild clouds about it rolled  
Showed like the throned and awful state  
Of gods whose feet the waves enfold,  
Whose brows the voyaging tempests smite,  
Who wait, assembled at the bright  
Valhalla doors, the sail that brings  
This last and mightiest of kings.

As swift before the wind we drave,  
We surely heard from far within  
Their shining battlements the din  
Of that proud sword-play of the brave ;  
And Hjörward cried, " The games begin,  
The clang of shield on shield I hear.  
Wait, sons of Odin, wait your peer !"  
Then as that sudden splendour fled,  
With one great shout the King fell dead.

And as some falcon struck in flight  
Reels from her course, and dizzily  
Beats with loose pinions down the sky,  
So Svior reeled 'twixt height and height  
Of mounting waves, and heavily  
Plunged in the black trough of the sea ;  
And o'er her helmless, full of glee,  
The roaring waters leapt and fell,  
Sweeping swift souls of men to Hell.

We seized the helm and lowered the mast,  
And shorewards steered thro' night and wind ;  
We seemed like loiterers left behind  
By some bright pageant that had passed  
Within and left to us the blind  
Shut gates and twilight ways forlorn.  
And coldly rose the strange new morn,

Ere to the watchers on the shore  
We cried, " The King returns no more."

Return, ah ! once again return !  
Cross the frail bridge at close of day,  
And pale along the crimson way  
Of sunset when the first stars burn,  
Ride forth, thou king-born—look and say  
If on the wide earth stretched beneath  
Thou seest any house of death,  
High sepulchre where monarchs be,  
Like thine up-built beside the sea.

Far have I journeyed from the moan  
Of northern waters, wandering  
By tombs of many a famous king,  
Where swathed in shrouds and sealed in stone  
They slumber, and the tapers fling

A dinness o'er them, and the drone  
Of praying priests they hear alone ;  
Shut out from earth and bounteous sky,  
And all the royal life gone by.

But Hjörward, clothed in shining mail,  
Holds kingly state even where he died,  
At Svior's helm. On either side  
The hoary chiefs who loved to sail  
In youth with him sit full of pride,  
Leaned on their arms and painted shields  
Dim from a thousand battle-fields,  
Looking upon the King, and he  
Turns his helmed brows towards the sea.

Across his knees his naked brand  
Is laid, and underneath his feet  
The Goth horse Halfi, and the fleet

Great hounds he loved beneath his hand,  
And when the storms arise there beat  
Salt surges up against his grave.  
He surely sometimes feels the brave  
Ship Svior quiver in her sleep,  
Dreaming she treads the windy deep.

There overhead year after year  
The moorland turf and thyme shall grow,  
Above the horizon faint and low  
The same wild mountain summits peer ;  
The same gray gleamy sea shall sow  
With foam the level leagues of sand,  
And peace be with that warrior band,  
Till dim below the bright abodes  
Gather the twilight of the gods.

## RAMESES

*From the ancient Poem of Pentaur, the Egyptian scribe.*

KING RAMESES marched to the Northward, to the  
borders of Kadesh he came,

He marched like his father Mentu for Orontes that  
waters the same

With the troop that has "Victory Bringer" and the  
name of the King for its name.

But ere he was come to the city the Vile One or Khita  
arose,

From the shores of the sea unto Khita he summoned  
King Rameses' foes,

They gathered as grasshoppers gather, like locusts  
assembled they lay

And covered the mountains and valleys, and no man  
was left by the way.

There led them the lord of the Khita and bore with  
him treasures untold,

He emptied the realm of its treasure, he stript it of  
silver and gold.

Like sand were the men and the horses, he had gathered  
them all to the war ;

The well-armed champions of Khita stood three upon  
every car.

Countless they crouched in their ambush, they were  
hidden west of the town,

They rushed on the troop of the sun-god, and horse and  
foot went down.



Yea, unawares they had smitten the host of the King  
and possessed  
Kadesh that lies by Orontes, on the bank of the stream  
to the West.

King Rameses heard and he armed him, like Mentu he  
rose in his pow'r,  
He seized his arms for the battle, he clutched them like  
Bar in his hour,  
And swift from their stalls in the vanguard, from the  
stable of Rameses came  
His steeds that were mighty to bear him—"Victory in  
Thebes" was their name.  
Fast, fast in his fury he drave them, he brake through  
the ranks of the foe,  
The King he alone and none other, then he turned to  
behold them, and lo!

The chariots of Khita by thousands had compassed him  
round and there lay

The hosts of the Vile One of Khita as a bar in King  
Rameses' way,

The tribes of the sea and the mountain, the numberless  
nations from far,

And the bravest champions of Khita stood three upon  
every car.

“Was there one of my chariots with me? Of my  
captains and lords was there one?

Nay, but they fled from the battle, and Pharaoh  
remained there alone.”

Then Rameses cried unto Ammon: “Deniest thou,  
father, thy son?

Wherein have I sinned against Ammon, what deed  
without him have I done?

---

Are the monuments vain I have made thee? For  
nought was the sacrifice slain?

The thousands of bulls for thine altars and captives in  
throngs for thy fane,

And lands hast thou counted as nothing? and treasures  
as utterly vain?

All odorous woods I have brought thee, the incense was  
sweet in my hand.

I finished thy courts, and thy gateways of stone over-  
shadow the land,

With masts I adorned thee the portals, 'tis I who have  
brought unto thee

The obelisks hewn at Syene, and galleys that bear o'er  
the sea

The wealth of the world to thine altars the hand of King  
Rameses steers—

I have given thee stone everlasting, a house for a million  
of years.

Such gifts were they given aforetime? Of old hast thou  
witnessed the same?

On him who rejecteth thy counsels, on him be confusion  
and shame,

But I who have honoured thee, Ammon, my father I  
call on thy name.

The multitudes gather against me, I stand amid nations  
unknown,

I stand here alone with no other, they are many and I  
am alone ;

My chariots and horsemen have left me, they heeded me  
not when I cried,

But better than millions of horsemen, ay better than  
sons at my side,

And more than a thousand of brothers though marshalled  
about me they fought,

Is Ammon who maketh the labour of multitudes even as  
nought.

Behold it is thou that hast done it, I blame not thy  
 counsels, I cry  
 To the ends of the earth, I invoke thee !”

The house of Hermonthis on high  
 Re-echoed the voice of my crying, he heard and he  
 came like the wind,  
 I shouted for joy at his coming, as hastening he called  
 from behind ;  
 “It is I, it is Ammon thy father, I am eager to help  
 thee my son,  
 The lord and the lover of heroes, I am Ra the victorious  
 one.  
 My heart has rejoiced in thy valour, I stretch forth my  
 hand to the fray,  
 And better than millions of horsemen shall Ammon  
 befriend thee to-day.”

He spake and the word was accomplished. Like Mentu

I shoot to the right,

I grasp to the left in my fury, I break them as Bar in  
his might.

Two thousand five hundred the chariots, I see them,  
they shall not withstand,

I am there in the midst with my horses, I trample them  
as it were sand.

They found not their hands for the battle, amazement  
befell them and fear,

They slackened the bowstring before me, they knew  
not to handle the spear ;

Yea, one on another I hurled them and headlong they  
fell in the flood,

As crocodiles fall in the river so fell they, I drank of  
their blood.

King Rameses said, "'Tis my pleasure that none shall  
return from the fight,

Not one shall arise of the fallen, nor any look back unto  
flight."

And there was the Vile One of Khita, he stood 'mid his  
legions to see ;

Beholding the valour of Pharaoh he trembled, he turned  
him to flee.

The King was alone. Then he mustered his bravest  
and sent them to slay

King Rameses, numberless horsemen assembled in  
battle array.

I say to my hand, "Thou shalt taste them," and, lo, in  
a moment of space

I spring like a flame to devour them—they perish each  
one in his place.

I hear through the wind of my rushing how one of them  
cries to the other,

“Not a man, not a man is against us, beware of the god,

O my brother !

The mighty have seen him and straightway their arrows

have dropped from the bow,

They lift not a hand when he cometh, his countenance

layeth them low.

Like Ra in the front of the morning his quiver is laden

with flame,

'Tis Sechet consumes us before him, 'tis Bar that

possesses his frame.”

Like a griffin the King has pursued them, they come to

the meeting of ways.

They flee but they cannot escape him, he calls to his

men as he slays,

“Ho, courage my horsemen and footmen ! Look back

for a little and see



How I conquer alone with no other but Ammon that  
fighteth for me."

My charioteer, even Menna, was with me and he was  
afraid,

In the press of the chariots he trembled, his spirit was  
greatly dismayed.

"O Prince and protector of Egypt, O gracious and  
mighty," he saith,

"Thou fightest alone against many, how now canst thou  
save us our breath?

King Rameses, gracious and mighty, we cannot escape  
from our death."

But Rameses cried to him, "Courage, ho, courage, my  
charioteer!

Behold, as a hawk I will pierce them and rend them,  
why then shouldst thou fear?

And what to thy heart are these herdsmen, since Ra will  
not brighten his face,

On millions of such, the ungodly, he loveth to humble  
their race."

King Rameses rushed on the vanguard, he brake  
through the ranks of the foe,

Six times he has sundered and broken the ranks of the  
Khita and low

He has laid them, the caitiffs of Khita, they trembled  
before him and quailed,

They fled but they could not escape him, like Bar in his  
hour he prevailed.

And now when my horsemen and footmen beheld me  
they worshipped afar,

They praised me as Mentu the mighty, the sword un-  
resisted of Ra ;

For the god, yea, the god, was beside me, 'twas he who  
had brought it to pass

---

That nations were scattered before me and were to my  
horses as grass.

They marched from the camp in the evening, they came  
in their wonder and stood

Where I brake through the tribes and the mighty of  
Khita lay whelmed in their blood,

The sons of the chief and the kinsfolk—and morning  
arose on the plain,

It lighted the field, and in Kadesh was nowhere to tread  
for the slain.

## A MAY SONG

O SHEPHERDESS come,

Come wander away !

For young is the morning

And fresh is the May.

A green world about us,

A blue world on high,

White bloom on the branches,

White clouds in the sky.

O were we two poets

We'd loiter to sing

Through the sun-wakened city

The joy of the Spring.

And were we two painters

We surely should stay

To capture for ever

The fresh-coloured May.

But beauty of May-time

Escapes from our praise ;

We should miss our sweet meaning

And miss the sweet days.

There's piping and singing

In thicket and grass,

And murmur in meadows

Of streams as they pass,

And high in the Heaven

There's a lark that upstarts

With the song of the May

And the song of our hearts.

O Shepherdess come,  
Come wander away !  
For young is the morning  
And fresh is the May.

## TWILIGHT

COME, let us go,  
For now the gray and silent eve is low,  
The river reaches gleam,  
And dimly blue in windings of the stream  
Its heavy rushes bow.  
The day is past, the world is dreaming now,  
The world is dreaming now, let us too dream.

And dreaming be  
The vision of our souls like this we see,  
Where unsubstantial skies  
Blend with the Earth's obscure realities.  
Let us recall the blind

Forewandered years and round their temples bind  
Fresh coronals of lovelier memories.

For dreaming here  
We shall remember joys that never were,  
That might and might not be ;  
One rich remembrance with its alchemy  
Transmuting all Time's store,  
Till the sad years exult and deem they bore  
Only the long, long love 'twixt thee and me.



## AT THE BARRICADE

WAS it a living woman there,  
Crouched by the barricade?  
I said, "We have shelter and food to spare,  
Come in and rest, for the game is played."  
For a moment she lifted her heavy head,  
Lifted her heavily drooping hair,  
For a moment as a bayonet blade  
Gleams in a flying moonbeam, gleamed  
Her face upon me passionate-eyed—  
But calm as a girl's at her needle seemed  
Her voice as she replied.  
"'Tis not worth while to rest," she said,  
"I shall so soon be dead."

Sunny and still was the long white street ;  
You might have fancied the gracious and gay  
City was sleeping away the heat

Of a cloudless summer day.

Not a soul save her in the street—

But hark ! There's the regular tramp of marching feet !

They are coming, the Versaillais.

By bridge and boulevard marching on,

Like conquerors proud of a battle won,

Like avengers glad of a vengeance done ;

And never a man to meet them there !

Will no one face them ? Will no one dare

Fire a last shot for the barricade ?

Yes—a shot, another and yet another,

One racing close on the heels of the other,

Six flying straight for the ranks, that swayed

Back for a startled moment, then

---

Hoarsely roaring for slaughter and strife,  
With a tiger bound took the barricade.  
Throbbled in their ears as on they came  
The low fierce voice of a distant flame ;  
Pouring over with bullet and knife,  
They were ready to clash with a murderous horde,  
Ready to close with desperate men,  
Eager to struggle and smite and wade  
Onward as conquerors, deep in blood.  
But not to face one woman, one  
Waiting them there alone. "

As a tiger the lone hunter's eye  
Baulks in its spring and holds amazed,  
Growling, crouched reluctantly,  
Thus paused they and thus gazed.  
Still as herself the captain stood  
Awhile and then there clashed his sword,

Suddenly dropping into its sheath.

“You’re a brave woman, you !

Two of my men shot dead !” “But two ?

God forgive me ! It is too few.

I should have taken a life for a life.

All of us, all you have done to death,

The father first, but the boys fought well.

‘They will live to avenge us yet,’ I said.

Two of the four at Neuilly fell

And two—just here I found them dead.

But I not yet am wholly slain—

Finish your work. Fire once again.”

## YOUNG WINDEBANK

THEY shot young Windebank just here,  
By Merton, where the sun  
Strikes on the wall. 'Twas in a year  
Of blood the deed was done.

At morning from the meadows dim  
He watched them dig his grave.  
Was this in truth the end for him,  
The well-beloved and brave?

He marched with soldier scarf and sword,  
Set free to die that day,  
And free to speak once more the word  
That marshalled men obey.

But silent on the silent band  
That faced him stern as death,  
He looked and on the summer land  
And on the grave beneath.

Then with a sudden smile and proud  
He waved his plume and cried,  
"The king! the king!" and laughed aloud,  
"The king! the king!" and died.

Let none affirm he vainly fell,  
And paid the barren cost  
Of having loved and served too well  
A poor cause and a lost.

He in the soul's eternal cause  
Went forth as martyrs must—  
The kings who make the spirit laws  
And rule us from the dust.

Whose wills unshaken by the breath  
Of adverse Fate endure,  
To give us honour strong as death  
And loyal love as sure.

## AN EASTERN LEGEND

IN cloisters dim and haunted

She met me and I said ;

“ Art thou the queen enchanted

Of whom long since I read ?

Whose heart a great magician

Has hidden from her birth,

Either in the deep ocean

The forest or the earth.”

She seemed a monarch's daughter

Her body like a palm,

Her voice like silver water

That speaks when all is calm.



She answered, "It is hidden."

And smiling dreamily,

"But messengers unbidden

Bring news of it to me.

The wildest nights creep hither

All dumb, with muffled feet,

Yet through the halcyon weather

I often feel a fleet

Fresh wind about me blowing

And power within my breast,

As of the great seas flowing ;

That do not ask for rest.

"O then my heart is driven

I know 'twixt shore and shore.

The moon is large in heaven,

The gathering waters roar.

“The sullen trees unshaken  
    Keep charmèd shadow here,  
Nor know how woods awaken  
    Afar when spring is near.  
Yet from the boughs wild voices  
    Are sometimes calling me ;  
The soul of me rejoices,  
    The frozen blood runs free,  
And needs I must go roaming  
    And sing and laugh alone,  
While through the magic gloaming  
    Strange lights are tossed and blown.

“’Tis when mid forest branches  
    My heart keeps watch and sees  
As wind the water blanches,  
    How spring makes red the trees.

About my tranced slumber  
At moments rise and sweep  
Dread visions without number  
That battle and that weep ;  
And more than men who waken  
I know of Death and Birth,  
Because my heart is taken  
And buried in the Earth."

I said : "The habitation  
Of dreams is not for thee.  
Tell me what incantation,  
What toil can set thee free ?  
Surely thy soul desireth  
The sun and moon for light,  
Ay, and the glow that fireth  
The festal halls at night.

The springtime in its sweetness,  
The summer in its strength,  
The world in its completeness  
Thou shalt possess at length."

Pale, with a solemn gesture  
Either of prayer or pain,  
She wrapped her in her vesture,  
Nor looked on me again.

I heard a hollow crying  
In all the palace around,  
Like echoes far replying  
To unperceivèd sound,  
A clash along the arches  
Long drawn on either side,  
As of a guard that marches—  
It rose and passed and died.

Her saw I not, nor even  
    Shadows of living things,  
Save that without the seven  
    Great sphinxes stirred their wings ;  
They who with sleepless vision  
    For ever contemplate,  
Smiling in still derision,  
    The world and men and fate.

## THE ETERNAL

EARTH is His garment and also heaven,  
Its skirts are broadened from day to day  
By a million shining shuttles driven  
'Through a formless woof till a form is given,  
And the suns break forth like the buds in May.

The rushing river, the pulsing ocean,  
The clouds when they clash and find a voice,  
Are as folds that heave with a heart's emotion,  
'That cling and swing with the dancers' motion  
When the sunburnt girls of the South rejoice.

Lo, when the vision of Man perceiveth  
Beneath what all living eyes can see,

---

The mighty and jubilant heart that heaveth,  
The Life that the dance of the forces weaveth,  
He trembles perceiving and bows the knee.

And first he worships the Life in Nature,  
He fashions him gods of earth and sky,  
Strong, senseless lords of the sentient creature,  
He lends them language and name and feature,  
And an ear to hear when the nations cry.

He rears him altars where clouds are driven  
Like dumb white surf on the crags below.  
Set in the midst of the spacious heaven  
They watch while the world is tempest-riven,  
How the lamps of God serenely glow.

But the years go by that deaden wonder,  
And mute in the desert of the mind  
He sits at last, while the wind and thunder

Sweep past and the deep Earth trembles under,  
Yet the Spirit therein he cannot find.

He cries, " Art silent and dark for ever,  
Thou Fear, Thou Light of the Universe ?  
Wilt Thou as soul from body sever  
The might of Thy dread from Man's endeavour ?  
Speak to us Thunderer, though Thou curse !"

Answer, O Spirit, in exultation !  
Spirit of God that still doth move  
Over the deep of our Creation,  
Spirit of Man in aspiration,  
Answer with Mercy and Law and Love !

THE END.



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